

HI, HOI HEEL AND TOE.

Now home from the fields we gladly go. Hi, hoi heel and toe. Over the hills and away we go. The clover blooms make the meadows red. And the gentle daisy nods its head. The violet blue peeps from its bed. In the mosses soft below.

THE UNKNOWN.

The cemeteries of cities are like great hotels where the close proximity of different classes of life is not always happy. The walls of partition seem to leak a secret horror of unrest; there is something of constraint, of promiscuity, of cold dignity in the obligatory relations of body to body. Here the dead are not at home.

In the graveyards of the country, among the thick flowering underbrush and the quiet of the wide fields, is a better repose for us after our stormy struggles. A cemetery thus situated, the center of far-reaching horizons, inspires one with a desire to die. To lie down here and sleep seems good. But most peaceful of all are the realms of the dead in marine villages, at the edge of the sea, within sound of the lulling of the running waves which sing an eternal song on the eternal sleep, amid the wail of the wind over the ancient tombs.

One day about 15 years ago I entered one of these places of supreme rest beside the waves on the Breton coast, with its crosses pointing toward heaven in a way which makes one think of eternity. Beside a little old church, beneath the shadow of a stone bell turret, slept the forefathers who, whether they had died in youth or in age, were all made an equal age by accomplished time. And there was no sadness in the evidence of a fatal destiny, but rather a happy relief in the thought that the burden of suffering will not always weigh down our poor shoulders and that sorrow has its prescribed limit. And pleasant, too, was the slow spelling out of the inscriptions on the tombs in the warmth of the sunlight which the fluttering, intoxicated birds greeted with a sweet delirium of song. Three centuries of time separated the old stones from the new, and a peace was made over all feuds here under the high crosses with outstretched arms, clear-cut against the green sea, standing in their eternal attitude of forgiveness.

One tomb in the form of a chalice arrested my attention, and I read this singular epitaph: "Here Lies an Unknown, December 6, 1871. Tacita Transit." (She has passed silently.)

I wished to learn all that was known of her, and in the evening I inquired in the village, and this is what I learned:

In November of the year 1860, on a night of lowering sky and raging sea, as the inhabitants slept in their huts, which were shaken up by the squall, the dull boom of a cannon announced the distress of a ship out on the waters across the promontory. At this time the little port did not possess a single lifeboat, and to attempt to depart in such a gale in the barks of the fishermen would be simply folly. Each one who heard the sound could only pray: "God help them!" Next morning the sea stretched wide under the blue sky, swept clear. Not a speck on the horizon, nothing but the ripples of foam on the waves. So it had disappeared, foundered, the boat that had cried for help with a call of iron during that night of terror. The sadness of the disaster caused a silence among the fishermen, when suddenly down the strand a cry rose. At this moment Marquis de Pontus, master of the chateau, came up to the group of people to learn the end of the night's drama. He hurried down the strand, followed by the fishermen. The cry had come from a peasant who had discovered the body of a woman, clothed in a long, white robe, thrown between two enormous rocks. She was undoubtedly dead, and must have rolled from her bed on the ship into the sea.

"Her heart still beats" cried the peasant. The marquis commanded: "Carry her to my house quickly and wrap this cloak around her." He was obeyed. In fact, the woman still lived, and after hours of ingenious labor opened her eyes. "Ask her nothing," said Pontus, "she is still too weak, and must sleep." In the meanwhile the searchers continued from strand to strand, but nothing more was found. It was impossible to tell what this vessel was which had gone down in the

near waters. French? English? All a mystery! It had carried its flag to the depths of the sea. "The woman will tell us," said Pontus. And the next day he went to her bedside. She looked at him with eyes large, beautiful and clear, but empty of comprehension. She was young and very pretty, with hands delicately and finely shaped. He asked her where she had come from, where she was going, who she was, in phrases gentle and courteous, for he was already moved by her tragic beauty. She listened without making a sign and did not answer. He repeated his question, saying he troubled her only for her own good. She remained silent, and it was evident his words conveyed nothing to her.

"Perhaps she doesn't understand French," said a friend. "She understands nothing at all," said Pontus, sadly. "I fear she has lost her mind in the horror of the catastrophe. But it does not matter; she has fallen from heaven, and she is at home here, mad or sane. God sent her to me, and I will guard her."

And he kept his word. Days, months, years passed. The unknown lived silently, without words and apparently without thought. She loved to be out of doors and mixed with other people, seeming by all exterior appearances to be like them. At the table of the marquis, in this family of a refined ancient race, she carried herself with the grace and dignity of one accustomed to a similar world, and Pontus often said: "This child is a great lady."

In spite of the most thorough investigation, not a ray of light, even the faintest, pierced the mystery. It could not even be conjectured what the boat, lost at the coast, had been, nor who this woman was who accepted placidly the care of strangers, showed neither sadness nor joy, had no desires, and lived, unconsciously, the life of a beautiful white bird in a cage of gold. Little by little the marquis grew attached to her. His house was large, and he refused to have her confined in a hospital, repeating that she was his charge, and sacred to him above everything. And sometimes when he watched her walking in the park of the chateau Pontus would grow very sad and murmur: "If this beautiful girl had a soul how I would love her!" And Pontus, who was then in his thirty-sixth year, refused obstinately to marry—on account of the unknown.

And so he grew older, and with the years came a deeper melancholy. However, in his voluntary seclusion there was some sweetness. The woman seemed to like to be near him, though her manner was like that of a petted animal. She ran to him when she saw him, and looked at him with her clear eyes, in which shone a fugitive light of recognition and devotion. But the next moment she would run away again, often into the woods, where she would wander about all day, returning always at dusk, for she had a great dread of the darkness.

One stormy night in November she shuddered at the sound of the wind from the sea and moaned softly, with her hands clasped to her breast in an attitude of deep sadness. A little later she uttered a hoarse cry and fell to the floor unconscious. It was just 12 years since she had come to life in the chateau. Pontus, very much alarmed, hurried to the village for help. A doctor was summoned and returned with him in great haste. The patient was examined and the case diagnosed as quick consumption. She had carried the germs of the fatal disease in her system for some time. Pontus was in despair.

One morning in winter the unknown passed quietly away in the arms of the marquis. At the supreme moment the mysterious sick woman seemed to regain her reason suddenly. She looked about with eyes frightened but comprehensive, which seemed to say: "Where am I? Who are these men?" She opened her lips to speak at last in her native language, but Death, jealous of the mystery, sealed her tongue with his icy touch.

The marquis, inconsolable, had had engraved on her tombstone the epitaph: "Tacita Transit."—Chicago News.

Submarine Photographs.

When the flashlight of a submarine camera was burned recently in the Mediterranean, crowds of fish with their wide-staring eyes were instantly pictured on the sensitive plate. Photographs of submarine forests are startlingly novel. Seaweed makes an altogether different appearance when seen in its natural element from that which it presents when seen floating on the surface or driven up on the beach.

The empress of Austria has erected a marble statue of Heine in the grounds of her villa at Corfu. The statue has been placed on a rock 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and it is to be surrounded by 50,000 rose trees.

AIR MOTORS.

Advantages of New Method of Propelling Great Cars.

The railroad commissioners of the state of New York, of which board Ashley W. Cole is chairman, have made their second inspection of the air-power cars now in operation on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, New York city, and they recommend this power as very superior in every respect. These cars have been running now regularly every day for about ten months, making 28,444 miles and carrying 160,272 passengers. The report of the commissioners is confirmed by almost every railroad mechanical man in this country who has given this matter a thorough investigation, and also by engineers who have been sent from London, Liverpool, Berlin and Denmark. As further evidence of the desirability of this motive power, it may be said that a canvass of the merchants and residents along the line of the road where these cars have been running showed that the people were universally in favor of them, on account of the cars being perfectly noiseless. They can be stopped instantly and reversed in case of any obstruction. This makes them really a life and property-saving device, whose economies will be appreciated. The following clipping gives the views of Sir A. B. Forwood, a large owner in the Liverpool (England) tramway system, before the city acquired the plant, who made an investigation by direction of the Liverpool authorities for the purpose of report of the working of the Hardie air motor:

"Looking at the system from a mechanical point of view, there appears to be no doubt of its efficiency. The details connected with the service which we examined have been very carefully wrought out and constructed, and the machinery appears to have sustained no wear and tear of any moment after continuous service of about eight months. The arrangement of the machinery in the car is that of a plain, simple engine, the working parts are of good, strong section and design, and should last for a long time with a very little upkeep, and we have no hesitation in stating that a plant fitted upon this system, with the arrangements and details carried out properly to begin with, would work with as great or greater efficiency and more economy than any other system which we are acquainted with."—Railway World.

SALT WATER IN BOILERS.

Experiment Proves Fallacy of a Popular Idea.

For some time past experiments have been made by engineering experts at Poplar, England, to ascertain the effect of feeding one of the well-known Yarrow boilers with salt water, says the New York Sun. This boiler, as is familiar to all engineers, is of the express of small-tube type, having tubes about 1 1/4 inch diameter, as compared to the 4 1/2 or 5-inch tubes of the type of water-tube boilers now being introduced for battleships and large cruisers. It has been considered, it seems, that the smaller tubes of the express boiler would be quickly stopped up in case salt water should gain access to them through a leaky condenser or other contingencies which must be provided against. Now, the important point of information has been gained by these experiments which disproves such a theory; that is, the successful running of a boiler of this description for some time, using only sea water with a greater density—that is, a larger proportion of salt and other mineral constituents—than would have been considered suitable even with the ordinary shell boilers. In other similar experiments favorable results are reported; the boiler was continuously blown off, the adjustment being such as to maintain the water in the boiler at a density of 3.32, or three times the density of sea water. The difficulty anticipated in using such water was not only from incrustation of tubes, but from priming; no difficulty, however, arose from either of these.

Caffery's Witty Retort.

The other day the heavy downpour and the closeness of the atmosphere in the Rhode Island senator's committee-room, says the Washington Post, evolved some marvelous tales about trout. Senator Caffery spoke of a superlative catch in which he estimated his fish at nine pounds. Mr. Aldrich went him one better by putting a certain catch of his down at 41 inches long. "Where did you catch him?" inquired Senator Caffery, dubiously. "In Rhode Island," "Hm!" said Senator Caffery; "there isn't a river in the state long enough to produce such a fish."

—Chamois skin makes a soft, durable duster. It can be kept clean by washing. It must be dried in the shade and rubbed soft. It will hold a little dampness, if desired, which is a satisfactory quality in a duster. Imitation chamois may be used.

—To have a custard pie of an even, nice brown when baked, sprinkle a little sugar over the top just before putting it into the oven.

Liver Ills. Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills, 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Bradstreet predicts a general revival in trade this fall. Dun, too, is hopeful.

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VOELCKER'S PRUNE SYRUP LAXATIVE For constive children and bilious adults 25c AT DRUG STORES.

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Wonderful South American Blood Cure. Quickly dissipates all scrofulous taints in the system, cures pimples, blotches and sores on the face, thoroughly cleanses the blood of boils, carbuncles, abscesses and eruptions, renders the skin clear, young and beautiful. If you would escape blood poison with all its train of horrors, do not fail to use this masterly blood-purifier, which has performed such stupendous cures in all cases of shattered constitution and depravity of the blood. Bad health signifies bad blood. Sold by R. C. Hardwick druggist, Hopkinsville, Ky.

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Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "NEW GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by R. C. Hardwick, druggist, Hopkinsville, Ky.

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SOUTH DAKOTA PAYS OFF ITS DEBTS. Farmers are Paying Off Mortgages at a Rapid Rate and Times are Better. Sioux Falls, S. D., July 13.—[Special.]—"The people of South Dakota have in the last four years, paid off \$50,000,000 of their debts," said Dr. D. L. McKinney, one of the best known loan agents of the State, "and are now paying off at a very rapid rate. As things are now going the people of the State, and especially the farmers, will soon be well out of debt. The large crops of the last few years, coupled with the close times, have had the effect of giving the people an appetite of getting out of debt, and fortunately have also given them the ability to do so."

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A sow of boar should be sold before it is least four months old.

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For the above occasion tickets will be sold by the Illinois Central Railroad at varying times, rates and limits, including a ticket on sale daily, good returning until November 7, and including tickets having limit of twenty days, fifteen days and seven days; also tickets on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week with limit of fifteen days. For full particulars as to which of the above applies from your nearest Railroad Station in connection with the Illinois Central Railroad, call on or address your nearest railroad ticket agent.

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William A. Brady and Dan Stuart are both endeavoring to get up big bruising contest for Nevada this fall.